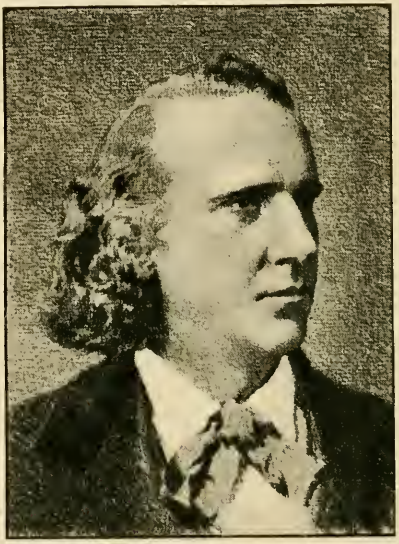
Golden Haired Gertrude

THEODORE TILTON.

Library of
Robert H. Hay



Theodore Tilton had been mentioned early as the most talented of Beecher's young men, but after the war in his stand on the political status of women he opposed Beecher

WITHDRAWN
Baldwin Library

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA
LIBRARY

The Baldwin Library
University of Florida

321. **TILTON (THEODORE).** Golden-haired Gertrude. Illustrations by H. L. Stephens. **First Edition.** Square 8vo, cloth.
N. Y. 1865

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/goldenhairedgert00tilt

GOLDEN-HAIRED GERTRUDE:

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY

THEODORE TILTON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. L. STEPHENS.

New York:
TIBBALS & WHITING.

1865.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by

THEODORE TILTON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of New York.

ALVORD, PRINTER.

JULIUS BIEN, LITHOGRAPHER, NEW YORK.

Golden-haired Gertrude.

CRACK went a stone through a pane of glass!

"Who threw that?" exclaimed Gertrude, sitting at the broken window, and looking up from her book astonished. It was the second-story front-window of Dame Stockel's house, and stood open because of the fine spring weather. Gertrude, shutting her book and leaning out her head, her golden hair falling like sunshine on her shoulders, looked up and down the quiet street.

"I see nobody," she said, "but stones never throw themselves."

Any one then looking at beautiful Gertrude would have called her neither too old for a girl nor too young for a woman: so guess her age if you can!

Stooping to the floor, she picked up the broken pieces of glass and laid them on her work-table.

"The stone must be somewhere in the room," she said.

But on searching, she could not find it. Then, leaning back in her old rocking-chair, she fell to thinking. A penny for your thoughts, Gertrude! Her thoughts were in her mother's grave. Two long years had her mother been dead. Gertrude was an orphan, living with her aunt, who was called Dame Stockel. "My aunt," said the maid-

en, "is good but cross; she does not love me; nobody loves me. Can anybody love like a mother? I wonder how a bridegroom loves his bride? Will *I* ever be a bride? Who then will be the bridegroom?" Such were Gertrude's thoughts.

Just then, happening to cast her eyes at the ceiling, she spied an arrow sticking slantwise in a rafter.

"Heigho!" she cried; "so not a stone, but an arrow broke the glass! Now, my pretty Jenny,"—meaning her canary, whose cage hung in the window—"I am thankful that whoever was wicked enough to take aim at your little body, had not the skill to kill you!"

Standing tiptoe on her chair, Gertrude reached up her beautiful bare arm, and plucked the arrow

down. It was a strange-looking shaft, neither ash, nor yew, nor horn-beam, as arrows are commonly made of, but jointed like bamboo, and feathered.

"It is a hollow reed," said she; "I can bend it double."

Then, as she bent it, snap it went, breaking in twain; and from the inside fell a wisp of paper, on which Gertrude, who unrolled it, found written in beautiful letters these singular words:

Fly straight, O arrow! through the air,
And tell the maid with golden hair,
The poorest man in all the land
Shall come to seek her heart and hand!

Great was Gertrude's astonishment. She read the pretty writing over and over again. The

oftener she read it, the more she was charmed. "Some one loves me," she whispered to herself, and her eyes sparkled. "Who can it be? The poorest man in all the land! What of that? Poverty is no wrong. Let him be poor or rich, if only he love me truly."

Suddenly Gertrude went to the looking-glass to see the maiden that this poor man had fallen in love with! Smoothing her hair—that kept always fringing out, like raveled gold-lace—she asked herself, "Where did he ever see me? Maybe at the window. Then I will never sit at the window again. Yes, I will," she said—changing her mind, as girls do—"I will sit there all the time!"

Knowing how her aunt would scold about the broken window, Gertrude resolved to tell her of the accident before the crabbed old lady should

find it out herself. So in great fear, the girl went to her aunt, and said, "A pane of my window is broken."

"Then, you young minx!" exclaimed her aunt, "go back and shut yourself in your own room for the rest of the day!"

Dame Stockel's mouth had a knife-blade in it instead of a tongue!

"But—" said the girl.

"Hush!" screamed the Dame.

Gertrude was going to say that she was not to blame for the accident; that somebody in the street had thrown something against the window. But glad that Dame Stockel was too cross to ask troublesome questions, the golden-haired innocent culprit went tripping back to her room in tears.

"Nance!" cried Dame Stockel to the kitchen-maid. "Nance! I say. You huzzy! Must I call you a hundred times? Now listen! If you see a glazier passing by, call him in. Do you hear that, you minx?"

Dame Stockel thought every young woman a minx.

Nance blushed like a red apple. And why? Was it because she was scolded? No: she was used to that. It was because she happened to be in love with a glazier! Sometimes, of an evening, this glazier would lean his elbows on the wicket-gate in the rear of Dame Stockel's house, and wait till Nance could slip out for a chat. So this is the reason why Nance blushed at the mention of a glazier. Presently she heard a cry in the street,

"Glass put in! glass put in!"

"Well!" shouted Nance, running to the window, "Come here, lazybones! and earn butter for your bread!"

Nance was short and fat, and always kept her mouth wide open like a pea-blossom. She opened it wider yet, when she saw that the glazier was not her sweet-heart but a stranger. But this strange glazier wore the other's clothes, for Nance recognized on one elbow a gray patch, and on the other a brown; and if the truth were told, these same patches had been taken by Nance from Dame Stockel's rag-bag, without asking. Nance wondered how the right man had slipped out of those clothes, and the wrong slipped in! The next minute she turned on her heels, and trotted back to her kitchen in disgust.

Dame Stockel went to the front door.

The glazier set down his box of glass under Gertrude's window.

"Now, young man!" said the knife-blade in the Dame's mouth. "Pay, attention, sir! What is the price for putting in a small pane of glass which a good-for-nothing girl broke out, and she ought to have her ears pinched! But, fudge! You are in rags. What a shame to be a beggar!"

Dame Stockel would rather scold than eat cherries.

"Madame," said the glazier, "look at *me;* I am poor. Look at yourself; *you* are rich."

The Dame was pleased at being called rich, for she was poor.

"*I* live in the streets," said he; "*you* live in a fine house."

The Dame was delighted at hearing her house called fine, for it was plain.

"*I* am in rags," said he; "*you* are in silks."

The Dame was charmed at hearing her dress called silk, for it was bombazine.

"You are a mannerly young man," she said. "Now follow me up stairs." So the Dame and the mannerly young man entered Gertrude's room.

The next moment the glazier, who had a ball of putty in his hand, threw it out of the window.

"Ting-a-ling-ling!" said the door-bell, just afterward.

"Somebody to see Dame Stockel," cried Nance.

The Dame, with great dignity, went down stairs. Now who was the visitor? A black-eyed, merry-faced lad, dressed in green silk as a king's page.

"Is this Dame Stockel?" he inquired politely.

"Yes," answered the old lady—taking off her spectacles, rubbing them, and putting them on again.

"I have a letter for you," he said, holding out his right hand empty.

"Then where is it?" she inquired, "for it is not in your hand."

The boy, looking astonished, replied, "I am certain I brought the letter."

"Then you have lost it on the way," she angrily exclaimed.

"Maybe it's in my pocket," said he: but feeling in his pocket, it was not there.

"You are a young rascal!" she cried.

"Maybe it's in my cap," said he; but taking off his cap, it was not there.

"You shall go to jail!" she screamed.

"Maybe it's in one of my shoes," said he; but taking off his right shoe, it was not there.

"Your hair shall be pulled!" she threatened, getting into a rage.

"Ha-ha-ha! here's the letter!" he exclaimed, shaking it from his jacket-sleeve, and running away.

If Aunt Stockel had caught the rogue, she would have boxed his ears. But the old lady was too lame to hobble after such nimble legs. So after fretting awhile, she went into the house, and sat down to enjoy her letter. Now what said the letter? Nothing but these words:

Dame Stockel is fidgety, cross, and old,
And never does anything now but scold!

Dame Stockel flew into a passion! Behind

her spectacles, her eyes sparkled like a pussy-cat's. "Whose trick is this?" she cried. "If I knew, I would throw the tongs at his head! Dear me, what shall I do? I will scold Nance! No, I will whip Gertrude! No, I will go smooth my hair, and be polite to the mannerly young man!"

Now as the letter called Dame Stockel old, she thought of pulling out her gray hairs, to make herself young. What a foolish dame!

Meanwhile, what of Gertrude and the glazier? Gertrude sat reading the history of Peter the Great's Dwarfs. The glazier stood cutting the glass with his diamond, fastening it into the sash with putty, and scouring it clean with chamois-leather. In a few minutes his work was done, but he seemed in no hurry to go. On Gertrude's work-table, he arranged the pieces of the broken

pane into the shape of the pane before it was broken. Presently, without looking up, he said,

"It was not a stone that cracked this glass."

Gertrude raised her eyes.

"Nor was it anybody's elbow," said he.

Gertrude shut her book.

"Nor a broomstick," he added.

Gertrude rose from her chair.

"Nor a pistol-ball," he continued.

"What then?" inquired Gertrude, wondering if the glazier knew.

"Do you see," said he, "a white speck on the edge of this broken piece?"

"Yes; but what of that?"

"Well," said he, "it looks like a bit of white feather."

"Gertrude, remembering that the arrow was

feathered, said to herself, "This young man is good at guessing!"

"It was a white goose," said he, "that feathered the arrow that broke this pane."

Gertrude, who had been looking down at the glass, now looked up at the glazier. A strange thought stole into her head. Who was this fellow? His clothes were torn, his shoes begrimed, his hands stained, yet his face was comely, and his voice kind. Could this be the unknown writer of the love-letter? Certainly this glazier was ragged enough to be the poorest man in the land!

"Since you guessed the arrow," she said, "can you guess the archer?"

"Try me," said he.

"Then who was it?"

"It was your friend."

"No, I have no friend."

"Yes, you have better than a friend."

"What?"

"A lover."

"Who?"

"I."

Gertrude's cheeks burned! She was ashamed, bewildered, and delighted—all in the same moment! Yes, this glazier must be the self-same lover who shot the arrow that pricked her heart! But though he be a true lover, thought she, he has a strange way of making love.

"What is your name?" the glazier inquired.

"You may guess," answered Gertrude, who hardly knew whether to be pleased or displeased.

"A beautiful maid," said he, "ought to have a beautiful name: so your name is—"

But, instead of speaking it, he cut with his diamond on the new pane the word

Gertrude.

The letters looked liked spider's threads on the glass.

"Now what is *your* name?" asked Gertrude.

"You may guess!" said he, answering in her own words.

"Is it Christopher?" she asked.

"No."

"Is it Rudolph?"

"No."

"Is it Constantine?"

"No."

"Then I cannot guess it."

"Well," said he, laughing, "It begins with R, and ends with X."

"I never heard such a name," she exclaimed.

"You have heard it a hundred times," he replied.

"No, I never heard it in my life," returned the baffled girl, whose curiosity and eagerness now made her face more beautiful than ever.

The glazier stood silently gazing at the floor. Then taking his glass-cutter, he twirled it between his fingers, hardly knowing what he did. Soon, in a low and tender voice, he said,

"Gertrude, listen to me. I have seen you at your window many times. I love you! Dear Gertrude, with an honest heart I love you purely. I have poor clothes, but I can earn better. Now

if I work hard, and make myself a gentleman, will you love me? Tell me, Gertrude!" And looking at his raggedness, he blushed.

Gertrude's heart beat quick. She saw none of the rags. Why? Was it for the tears in her eyes? Not exactly. But the glazier's kind words made him so beautiful in her sight, that she did not notice his grotesque garments. Never since her mother's death had any one spoken to the orphan so tenderly as this young and manly stranger. Happiness filled her heart like a fountain. And she had so much to say that she said nothing.

"Gertrude," he whispered, "you give me no answer."

Now why did the foolish fellow say that? It only made Gertrude fall to weeping. Many times

had she wept for sorrow, but now she wept for joy.

"Gertrude," said he, laying his hand courteously on her shoulder, "my father and mother sleep in their graves, and I am an orphan."

"I too am an orphan," sobbed the maiden, who was hardly able to speak.

"Then," said he, still more tenderly, "since we have no one else to love us, let us love one another."

Now just as this scene grew interesting, Dame Stockel's footsteps came creaking up-stairs, and put an end to the love-talk. Hastily Gertrude brushed away her tears, seized her book, and looked studious. Just as hastily the glazier turned his face to the window, whistled a tune, and pretended to be puttying.

"Young man!" said Dame Stockel amiably.

"Your ladyship!" responded the glazier humbly.

The Dame was captivated at being called her ladyship.

"How much is to pay?" she inquired, taking out a purse with no money in it.

"Nothing at all," was the generous reply, "except that your ladyship will speak well of me at the court."

The Dame was enchanted at being esteemed a lady of the court.

"Young gentleman!" said she.

"Your highness!" said he.

Whereupon Gertrude, although she had been weeping, was now laughing.

"Will your grace," asked the glazier, "have the great goodness to present me to the king?"

Now Dame Stockel had never been near enough to his Majesty to tread on his shadow. But she answered, "Yes, young gentleman, you shall see the king, you shall see the king."

The glazier made a bow like a Turk's salaam. This compliment tickled the Dame like snuff, and she sneezed. But how could she present the glazier to the king? This was a puzzle! "I have it!" she cried, catching a bright thought. "Young gentleman, you want to see his Majesty. Very well, his Majesty rides his horse to-morrow in a procession through the great square. All people who stand in the great square will see his Majesty on a horse. Now if you stand in the great square on a horse, you will see his Majesty."

Saying which, Dame Stockel immediately

marched in a respectable and rheumatic manner down stairs.

Up spoke the glazier the moment she was gone, saying,

"Gertrude, when my father was dying, he left me a beautiful ring. But a beggar in rags ought not to wear a jewel. So keep it for my sake, dear Gertrude!"

Then out of his pocket he drew a diamond ring, the like of which for brilliancy she never saw before—sparkling like a rain-drop in the sun.

"Sometimes," said he, "I wear it on my little finger. See, it just fits your forefinger! Every maiden engaged to be married wears a ring on her forefinger."

Gertrude was startled at these words. Was

she engaged to be married? Any one may guess she was delighted. What maiden would not be delighted with such a ring on her forefinger?

"But you have not told me your name," she complained.

"Then," said he, with a mischievous smile, "for one lock of your golden hair, I will tell my name."

"I will not give that," said Gertrude resolutely.

"Then for one kiss of your sweet lips."

"I will not give that," she answered, not so resolutely.

"Well," said he, "my name is Ferdinand."

"That," said she, "neither begins with R nor ends with X."

"Yes it does, if you spell it right," cried he, in great glee.

Now just as the glazier was about to give Gertrude a kiss, Dame Stockel came into the room, ready for more talk with the mannerly young man. But all in vain! Instantly the mannerly young man took up his box of glass, and said "Good afternoon."

That night, after Gertrude went to bed, the diamond twinkled like a fire-fly on her hand. She kept her arm outside the coverlet in the cool moonlight. Many hours she lay awake, thinking. A penny for your thoughts, Gertrude! Her thoughts were of her sweet-heart. "How delightful to be loved!" thought she. "But what a strange lover! I hope he is good and true. Is he the poorest man in all the land? How can a poor man possess such a diamond? That is enough to make him rich. Did he get it honest-

ly? What if he stole it! No, it was his father's gift. O Ferdinand! I love you!" And with this happy thought, Gertrude wept herself to sleep. Then in a dream she saw a beautiful vision. A company of angels came about her bed, one of whom kissed her forehead at the parting of her hair, and the kiss remained a few moments like a star at the edge of a cloud. "My lovely child," whispered the angel, "pleasant be thy pathway through life, for thou art loved both on earth and in heaven!" And the angel who said this was Gertrude's mother. This was the good child's dream.

The next day the young king rode on a milk-white horse at the head of his cavalry through the great square, taking off his hat and bowing to the shouting people.

"He is the best king we ever had," remarked one.

"Yes, he is a good king," answered another, "but he is not married, and we have no queen."

Now neither Dame Stockel, nor Gertrude, nor Nance, went to see the procession. "For young folks should stay at home," said the Dame, "so none of us can go out."

But the glazier was there, and saw whatever the king saw!

Gertrude spent the afternoon in finishing the History of the Dwarfs; Aunt Stockel, in taking a long nap; and Nance, in watching if anybody was leaning his elbows on the wicket-gate. Sure enough, by and by the glazier came—not the one who mended Gertrude's window, but the one who looked with sheep's eyes at Nance. Now Nance

opened her mouth wide, because her affectionate young friend was so gaily dressed she hardly knew him. Not a gray nor a blue patch to be seen!

"Pigeon," said he, "I have good news."

"Pigeon," said she, "how strange you look!"

They called themselves pigeons, because like those birds they were constantly loving and quarreling.

"Yesterday," said he, "as I was coming here to lean on the gate, I saw a gilt-buttoned young nobleman, attended by a page. The young lord stopped me and said, 'Are you an honest lad?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Then,' said he, 'you deserve better than rags. I will give you *my* clothes for *yours;* is it a bargain?' 'Heigho, yes,' said I. 'But I want your box too,' said he. 'Then what will you give for it?' said I. 'All the money in

my pocket,' said he. 'A bargain,' said I. Now, Pigeon, what do you think? Then the young buck said, 'Let us go into this stable and change clothes.' So in we went, he a gentleman and I a beggar; and out we came, he a beggar and I a gentleman! Pigeon, I found a purse in the pocket big enough to make us rich for life!"

The pea-blossom opened wider and wider, until she exclaimed, "Lawks! me! Then we shall be married, and I shall live like a lady, and ride in a coach. Heighho! fiddle-de-dee!"

"Ting-a-ling-ling!" exclaimed the bell. The female Pigeon flew to open the door. The male Pigeon quitted his perch on the gate, and hopped away. For if Dame Stockel had caught the two pigeons together, that would have been the end of their billing and cooing.

Heavy footsteps now sounded at the front door. Gertrude, peeping over her window-sill, saw three officers on the steps.

"This is the house," said they.

Dame Stockel opened the door and snapped her tongue at them, exclaiming,

"What do you want?"

"We are the king's officers," replied the spokesman.

"Well, the king don't live here," cried the Dame, "and if he did, he is not at home this afternoon. So go about your business."

"We *are* about our business," they rejoined. "For the king has missed his diamond-ring, and has sent us here to look for it."

"What!" shouted Dame Stockel, who could hardly get the idea into her head.

Gertrude, who overheard every word, was thunderstruck. "Was it the king's ring?" she wondered. "Did Ferdinand steal it to make himself rich?" And the dear, frightened maiden clasped her hands as in prayer.

"A great reward," continued the officer, "will be given to anybody who will restore the ring; and there will be no punishment; for the king has set his heart on getting back his treasure; it was his father's gift."

"Well," screamed the Dame, "*I* am not the king, and *I* have not the king's ring!"

The officer continued,

"A beggar in rags gave information that the ring was in this house, and yonder he comes!" pointing to Ferdinand who, at this moment, ran up the steps.

"Your ladyship!" said the glazier, waving his hand.

"You scoundrel!" cried Aunt Stockel, shaking her finger.

"Dame!" said he, "did you think when I mended your glass for nothing yesterday, I was to gain nothing by it to-day? Aha! I found out that the king's ring was in this house, and his Majesty now knows that fact. The pretty maiden up stairs has the ring! Officers, follow me!"

Up stairs went the glazier, the officers, the Dame, and Nance.

Gertrude, rising to meet her accusers, looked very pale, but soon gained a good courage, for she had done no wrong.

"Have you the king's ring?" asked the chief officer, admiring Gertrude's lovely face and hair.

"I have a diamond ring," she replied, "but I know not whether it be the king's; here it is."

"Now as I am a glazier," exclaimed Ferdinand, "I can tell whether it be the true ring."

So taking it in his hand, he went to the window, and over Gertrude's name he cut the word

Ferdinand.

"Yes," cried he, "it is a true diamond; it cuts glass; it is the king's."

The Pigeon's mouth of course was wide open.

Dame Stockel's for a wonder was shut.

Gertrude sat on the side of her bed, covering her face with her hands.

"What a pity," exclaimed the chief officer, "that so fair a damsel should be a thief!"

"Indeed I am no thief," responded Gertrude

indignantly; "this young man gave me the ring yesterday; he can tell you all about it; he will tell the truth."

"Yes, I will tell the truth," said the glazier, "she *is* a thief, for she has stolen my heart!"

Whereupon he suddenly threw off his rags and stood in a splendid array of silk and pearls!

The poor man grew rich in a single minute!

"Gertrude!" said he to the astonished maiden, "can you tell who I am?"

"You are a nobleman," she modestly replied.

"My name begins with R and ends with X," said he; "I will engrave it on the glass." And going to the window, after Ferdinand he wrote

Rex

which means the King.

"Now, dear Gertrude, will you be my golden-haired wife?"

Gertrude stammered out a few broken words, which nobody could understand, and which she never afterward could remember.

"Now," exclaimed Ferdinand, "I am the happiest man in the kingdom." And going once more to the window, after Gertrude's name he wrote

Regina

which means the Queen.

"Gertrude, you shall be crowned the queen," he said proudly.

Never was a maiden more bewildered and happy than golden-haired Gertrude at that moment!

"But why?" she asked, after a little while, half

smiling, half weeping, "why did you call yourself a poor man?"

"Every man is poor," he replied, "till he gets a sweet wife; then he is rich."

"But why did you come like a beggar and not like a king?"

"Because," said he, "a maiden might marry a king for his crown, but would marry a beggar only for his love: and I, though a king, wished to be married only for love."

The bride blushed and softly replied,

"And that is all I will marry you for."

Now who can guess where the wedding was held? Neither in Gertrude's house, nor in Ferdinand's palace, nor in a great church, but in the royal garden. It was the first day of summer. Roses bloomed and birds sang. The happy spot

was a bank of moss, shaded by orange-trees. Ferdinand was dressed in black velvet, and Gertrude in white satin. A great company came from near and far. Of course Dame Stockel and the two Pigeons were there. But no beggar in rags was seen. The ceremony was solemn and beautiful. Ferdinand kissed Gertrude's forehead on the same spot where the angel left the star. The festivities lasted three days. On the fourth, which was Sunday, Nance and the real glazier were quietly married in a chapel, and afterward received many house-keeping gifts from the king and queen. But nobody in the kingdom would marry Dame Stockel, for nobody was willing to be cut to pieces by her tongue. Gertrude's bird Jenny no longer was kept in a small cage, but in a green-house of plants and flowers,

where the happy creature hopped from bough to bough, caroling from morning till night. "Never," said Gertrude, "will Jenny and I forget the arrow and the broken pane!"

But the children who have just read this story will soon forget all about it!